

# Good Morning 654

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Mrs. Phyllis Smith  
and Baby Frank  
Ask for News



THIS is a picture of Mrs. Phyllis Smith and Baby Frank (aged six months), of 5, Leonard-road, Gosport. She has asked "Good Morning" to publish it in the hope that it may bring her news of her husband, P.O. Cook Frank Smith, who has been reported missing. P.O. Smith was serving in H.M.S. Porpoise. He spent his last home leave at Gosport about twelve months ago. Mrs. Smith received a letter from him dated December 26th last, but she has heard nothing since.

"Everybody has been very kind to me," she said, "and if anyone can give me any news about my husband I should be very grateful if they would write to me at this address."

"I have not given up all hope, as I believe he may be in enemy hands. Of course, he has never seen baby."

P.O. Smith has completed about twelve years in the Navy, and has served in submarines for eight or nine years. Mrs. Smith was formerly with the "Wrens," many of whom have called to see her at her home in Leonard-road.

## W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER Post-War Sport Has Even Money Chance

"SINCE our last discussion of the position of post-war racing," said Bernard, when the cronies were together at the Jolly Roger, "I have been talking it over with a few of my brother-bookmakers and they all have different ideas. That is sufficient to show that it will be no easy matter to get moving towards our improvements."

"One fellow thought that there would be so much easy money floating about that just any old thing could be served up and would go, and with money going begging you could hardly expect racecourses to provide lavish accommodation when the crowd filled the place."

"Another wise old hand had other ideas. He agreed that money would be plentiful for the first year or so after

the war, but felt sure that the flop would come very quickly, and would be a real flop when it came.

"He said he was going to collect all he could while the going was good and then get out. Probably not a bad judge."

"It seems to me," said the Guv'nor, "that we have to make up our minds which school of thought we ought to follow, if we are to get things clear at the outset. As none of us can claim to be blessed with prophetic vision, it will be as well to say that nobody knows what state the country will be in, say, two or three years after the war has finished on all fronts."

"If you decide to fall into line with Dean Inge, then you will have to tighten your belt

and reconcile yourself to living on short commons for the rest of your life, that is, if you mean to stay in this country."

"On the other hand, you may prefer to be swayed by, say, Mr. Shinwell, who believes that we shall enjoy a greater prosperity than at any time in our history, provided the people vote for the real reformers at the next general election."

"Speaking purely as a punter who knows very little about politics," said Nat, "I don't think I should care to subscribe to Dean Inge's one-horse wire in order to be able to back a winner."

"I can't answer for his success as a tipster offhand," laughed the Guv'nor, "but he knows his book of form backwards. Seriously though, I should say that if you are to predict the future trend of events with any hope of accuracy, a knowledge of past events cannot be a handicap. Quite the reverse, of course."

"Of the two tipsters in question, while I should like to follow Mr. Shinwell with a light heart, I feel that I ought to heed the ancient prophet with his storehouse of knowledge of the past."

"Perhaps the gentleman is living too much in the past," suggested Bernard.

"That possibility cannot be ruled out," agreed the Guv'nor. "But we have to admit that he puts up a very good argument for his line of thought. He has a logical mind, and is not likely to jump at hasty conclusions."

"Unless he wishes to live up to his reputation as The Gloomy Dean," said Bernard.

"Are you discussing sport or politics?" asked Paddy. "We have usually agreed that the two don't mix."

"In this case it is necessary to study the political situation," said the Guv'nor, "before we can say whether it will be possible to enjoy sport to the fullest extent in the immediate future."

"Sport is a luxury, and poor people cannot afford to indulge in luxuries. We should all be so much wiser if we could say with any degree of certainty whether we shall all be extremely poor after the war, or whether we are about to enter the brave new world which has been promised us."

"Perhaps, like Dean Inge, I may be a bit out of date," continued the Guv'nor, "but to my way of thinking it's as plain as can be that you can't chuck away millions upon millions of money and still have an inexhaustible balance at the bank. Never in our history have we poured money down the drain as fast as we have been doing for five or six years. How, then, can we possibly be as well off as we were?"

"But what about the people who tell us that money is nothing?" asked Paddy.

"That is only a half-truth and not even that much," said Ber-

nard. "If you were marooned on a desert island with nothing to eat, a loaf of bread would be of more value than all the gold in America, but that is an extreme case. To argue that money is nothing in a world that is controlled from beginning to end by the power of money is absurd. Even if we agree for the purpose of this discussion that money by itself is of no great moment, we have to consider just what it represents."

"When I said that we had chucked away so many millions of pounds in this war I also meant that the value in goods and by that value thrown away we are so much poorer."

"Of course, we can replace the goods," put in the Guv'nor.

"Quite so," answered Bernard, "but in the meantime the people who work to produce the goods must be paid in order to live. There is also the food to be paid for, as, in spite of the increased food production in our own country, a very large proportion must be imported."



Calling  
E.R.A.  
Donald  
Wells

YOUR wife was looking forward to that trip to Cheddar which is scheduled for this summer when we called at 51, Harlington-road, Hillingdon, Middlesex, E.R.A. Donald Wells.

Beauty and Trix are still waiting to welcome you home, and meanwhile they are looking after your wife for you. We were sorry we could only get Beauty in the picture, but even our powers of persuasion were not enough to make Trix stay still.

Your wife thought about some of the London musicals you have visited together at various times when she went

last week to the Victoria Palace to see the Flanagan and Allen show. It was very good, she says.

She also visited Acton recently, when your father was home, and reports that he is well and that your mother is much better now. Cousin George was due to visit Buckingham Palace a few days after our visit to collect that medal he won with the Fleet Air Arm.

Dora has been asking after you, and so have the Ayres at the Prince of Wales, reports your wife, and she gave them all the news of you contained in the twenty-page letter she received recently.



## Bedtime Story for P.O. Derek Swaby

WHEN "Good Morning" called at your home, P.O. Derek Swaby, at 27, Claremont Terrace, Blyth, we found your wife reading a bedtime story to Derek, your son.

We don't know whether or not Derek is beginning to get the call of the sea, but for two hours your wife Kitty had searched the streets of Blyth for him when somehow or other he managed to escape his mother's eye for a moment.

After an exhaustive and fruitless search, his mother went to the police station, and there she found Derek surrounded by

policemen, all trying to get to know his address, but all they got was, "My daddy's a sailor, he on big boat." He certainly had the police fooled, and were they glad when your wife arrived!

Anyhow, P.O. Derek Swaby, all's perfect at home. Kitty hopes you have been receiving her letters O.K.

All send their fondest love. By the way, just a tip, P.O. Derek Swaby—watch your kit-bag when you come home again and make sure Derek doesn't stow away in it. You never know.

"And we pay for that with ourselves, but will very soon be exporting to markets that we used to regard as our own."

"In this connection I have said nothing about American competition. This will be fiercer than ever, and they will get off to a flying start while we are trying to find our mark."

"No doubt the old country will win through in the end. It has weathered some storms in its chequered history, and it is almost certain to weather this one, but I doubt if any of us will live to see it."

"We shall need a much safer crew to steer the ship of State, I'll say that much," said the Guv'nor. "The way I look at it is this: Let us put the whole nation in the position of a private family. If the head of the family is for any reason you care to choose compelled to pay out all his savings, sell his property, and then borrow so heavily that he is up to his eyes in debt, what does he do?"

"If he is an honest man, he immediately cuts his expenditure to the minimum and prepares to work twice as hard as he has ever done before in the hope that he may pay off his debts."

"He certainly doesn't plan to live a more luxurious life, unless he intends to turn crook, or unless his setback has driven him insane."

"Which just about explains the eloquence of some of those people who are painting a paradise for the paupers of this little island. They must be insane," said Bernard. "Either that, or I am."

"We'll soon test that when the next race meeting comes along," said Paddy. "We'll ask you to lay 6 to 1 about an even-money chance."

"There's no harm in asking; but the text, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' only concerns bookmakers when you have backed the winner at the price they fix. You'll catch me laying over the odds when I'm in Colney Hatch, which is not just yet."

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# Geniuses Are Only Human

## Do You Agree with To-day's BRAINS TRUST?

TO-DAY we have a Philosopher, a Psychologist, a Biographer and a Biologist to their industry! It just won't discuss:

**What is "genius?" Can genius be acquired by training or education, or is it in-born?**  
**Biologist:** "I think a genius is what biologists would call a 'sport.' That is to say, he has made a jump to a stage of evolution ahead of the average man."

**"Evolutionary sports occur among the plants and animals, and are often seized by breeders and developed into new varieties of exceptional beauty or utility."**

**"A genius is a man who is ahead of his times through a freak of nature. He is a sample of what we may all expect to be in a few hundred generations' time."**

**Biographer:** "I doubt it. I doubt if we shall all become a sort of composite Beethoven, Shakespeare, Newton, Dante—and the rest—however long we continue to evolve."

**"It is true we may possess some faculty of insight which all these men have in common, but I incline to agree with Carlyle that genius is nothing more than 'an infinite capacity for taking pains.'"**

**"Or, as Edison put it, 'genius is one per cent. inspiration and 99 per cent. perspiration.'"**

**Philosopher:** "I am astonished at the Biographer! He must know perfectly well that some of the world's greatest geniuses have also been the world's laziest men. Think how many

of Shakespeare and Socrates been very human men, and I and Beethoven, but without any find I cannot fit this idea of a physical or psychological disorder of super-race into my abilities. That is the price paid knowledge of their lives at all, for having them in advance, that is all."

**Philosopher:** "I am going to suggest that something very nearly the reverse is true. Instead of the disabilities being the cause of genius, may not the genius be the cause of the disabilities?"

**"It is wrong to regard a man as a sort of disabled animal. He does not fit in with goats because he is a different, a more advanced, creature."**

**Biographer:** "All the geniuses whose lives I have studied have

**"They were hard-workers, single-minded, careless of other people's opinion, and so on."**

**"I do not see why any man with these qualities should not rise to eminence, given a fair share of luck."**

**Psychologist:** "Such geniuses as have been examined by retrospective intelligence tests show a distinct advance on the average man which has nothing to do with hard work and single-mindedness."

**"If the average man is given an intelligence mark of**

## QUIZ for today

5. How many sides has a nonagon?  
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Explanation, Elucidation, Interpretation, Translation, Explication.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 653

1. A remora is a stone tablet, sucking-fish, poem, architectural ornament, soothing ointment?
2. Who is the Minister of Defence?
3. What is the difference between (a) Ladon, (b) Lagan?
4. What is a pilgarlic?
1. Edible fungus.
2. 41.
3. (a) Fun, (b) fabulous bird.
4. Duke of Abercorn.
5. 2½ inches.
6. Accessory is an extra; others are parts.

100, the great artists and musicians score about 160, statesmen and imaginative writers 165, religious leaders 170, scientists 175, philosophers 180.  
Leonardo da Vinci, Wagner, Byron, Descartes, Galileo, Victor Hugo and Milton all score between 180 and 190 marks, and Berkeley, Newton, Pascal and Schelling reach the 200 mark.  
"Bacon, Dickens, Gibbon,

## £1 Million is Anybody's Money

OFF the island of Terschelling, just north of the Zuyder Zee, lies one million pounds sterling for the lucky finder.

It lies amid the silt and sand which have more or less buried the frigate "Lutine," which, during the wars of the Netherlands, left Britain bound for a northern port. The million sterling was money to pay the troops.

**The troops never received it, for during a fog and windy weather the frigate struck on a bank and settled.**

All these years the treasure has lain there, and still lies, a bait for patient and daring men to lift. I am told that an attempt will be made after this war to bring it to the surface; but there have been several attempts which just failed in the job.

One of the latest was that made previous to the last war by a ship under Captain Lyons, which went out with much

mechanical apparatus. Many coins and relics of the old frigate were dragged from the deep, proving that the money is there.

**It is a difficult job. The silt and sand swings across the wreck almost as rapidly as it is pumped away, for the sea is comparatively shallow, and the tides are strong.**

On the deck of this salvage ship pumps brought up a constant stream of sand, crabs, fish, and other debris that was hurled against the sieves. The water lashed through the openings and flowed back to the ocean.

Every now and then the pumps were stopped and search made among the material brought up. They got many coins, a few seamen's knives, a piece of plate, and other evidences.

Divers went down and stood on the rotting timbers. They salvaged a gun or

two and other "furniture" of the ship.

But the divers have never yet been able to find a complete box of the specie. There are several possible reasons for this. It may be that the weight of water, the pressure, has split open the chests. It may be that the chests have sunk deep into the bed of the sea.

The ship lies on her port side, her bows sloping higher than her stern. Her timbers in many places have split. Her masts have snapped off. Her rigging has perished.

But the sand and swing of the tides are the trouble. Pumps at one time lifted the silt clear of her stern, and her cabin windows could be seen, and even her rudder was laid bare. One of the relics brought up was the ship's bell.

**It is this bell of the "Lutine," now hanging in Lloyd's, that is rung on cer-**

tain occasions. All ship brokers and merchants know the "Lutine" Bell. It has become a bell of omen on 'Change.

The amount of money that has been recovered is small compared with what still lies down there. The new apparatus available nowadays has a much greater chance of bringing the million pounds to the surface than ever.

A small company is believed to have been formed to tackle the problem again. Anyhow, the million is there. The "Lutine" is easily located.

If you wish for adventure and the chance of making a fortune out of one job, all that you have to do is to go to Terschelling, buoy the spot, and start in. You don't need to look much for your treasure site.

Russell Sinclair

## FLEET MARRIAGES

IT is said that of all the institutions embraced by our social system, none is more costly to the participants or more profitable to the tradesmen than marriage.

Rings and roses, food, furniture and photographs are all accumulated with a reckless abandon seldom, if ever, repeated in the lives of the happy couple.

Even the parson gets his fee, though, unlike the jeweller, the caterer and the photographer, he may not advertise his services. This latter was not always so. Consider, for example, this:

**"At the true Chapel at the old Red Hand and Mitre, three doors up Fleet Lane, and next door to the White Swan, marriages are performed by the Rev. Mr. Simpson, educated at the University of Cambridge, and late chaplain to the Earl of Rothes."**

**Or this:—"J. Lilley, at Ye Hand and Pen, next door the China Shop, Fleet Bridge... will be performed the solemnisation of marriages by a gentleman bred at one of our universities and lawfully ordained..."**

These advertisements refer, of course, to the notorious Fleet Marriages which flourished unabated in the 17th and 18th centuries. They originated, it is thought, with the incumbents of Trinity Minories and St. James's, Duke Place, who claimed to be outside the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London.

When, in 1616, Elliot, of St. James's, was eventually suspended, the practice had become so profitable that it was taken up by clerical prisoners in the Fleet Prison, who, we read in the "Weekly Journal" of June 29, 1723, "having neither cash, character, nor liberty to lose, became the ready instruments of vice, greed, extravagance and libertinism."

Dennis Yates

### Alex Cracks

Son: "Dad, what's dew?"  
Dad: "The rent, the gas bill, the wireless instalment, and the instalment on the piano."

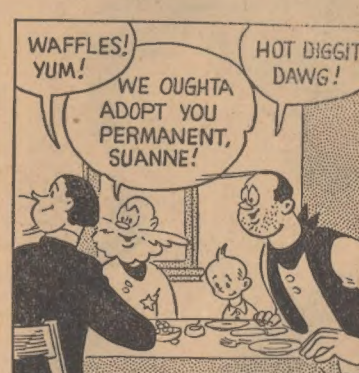
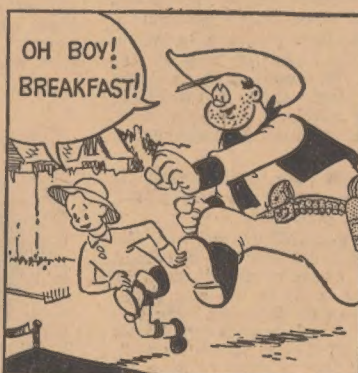
Man (to girl at information kiosk): "Can you tell me where I wanted to go?"

Girl: "No, I can only tell you where you ought to be."

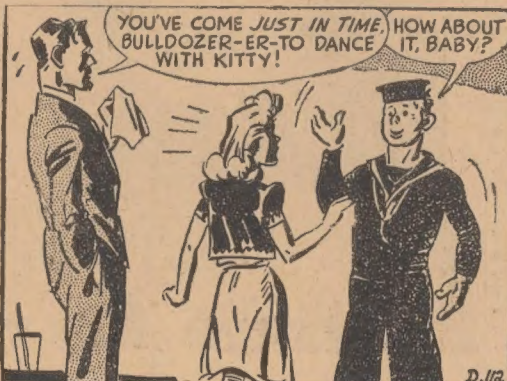
He: "Can't you think of anything besides money, darling?"

Bride: "Oh, yes. Cars and jewellery."

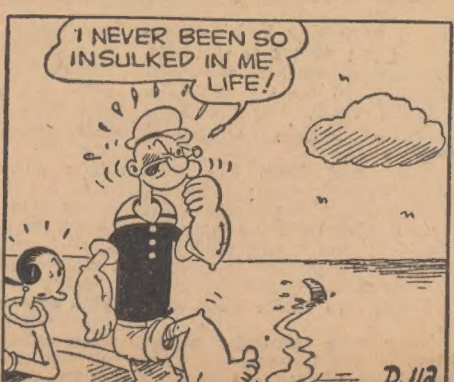
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 593

- 1. Behead a lid and get six balls.
- 2. Add two letters to a Roman Emperor, shuffle them, and get a fruit.
- 3. Of what common word is APEGO the exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: You will find — syrup for the waffles in that jar.

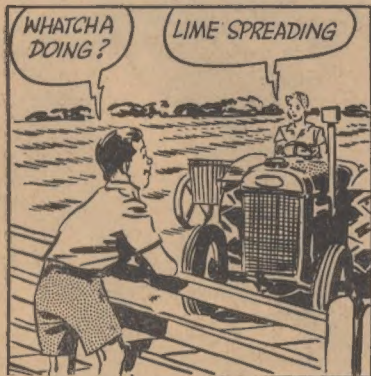
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 592

- 1. L-apse.
- 2. Love of money is the root of all evil.
- 3. LaUra.
- 4. Cast, cats.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Do You Walk in Your Sleep?

Asks J. M. Michaelson

AN eleven-year-old boy not long ago walked in his sleep for half a mile from his house across thick snow through which he was tracked by his anxious parents by his footprints.

Although he was wearing only his night clothes and his feet were bare, he was still fast asleep when found.

The boy's explanation when he recovered next day is revealing. "I'm always dreaming about farming," he said. "I dreamt I was letting Farmer Gill's cows out for him, and after I had closed the gates I was on my way to collect my wages. Just then Mum and Dad woke me up."

Sleep-walking is always due to some very strong impulse, to a dream so powerful that the subconscious takes control of muscles and sets them working. The sleep-walker nearly

always has a purpose. He does not wander aimlessly. Sometimes the purpose may be quite extraordinary, the exact opposite of what it would be when awake.

There was the remarkable case of an English nobleman who, missing his dress shirts one after the other, eventually accused his valet of stealing them and discharged him.

The valet, quite innocent, and feeling there was some mystery about the whole business, that night decided to watch.

He saw his master come from his room, walking in his sleep. He followed silently as the noble lord went to the garden shed and brought out a spade.

Then the lord walked to a point in the shrubbery and began to dig. Presently he

took out a dress shirt and buried it! When he was awakened, all the missing shirts were found buried there!

In some cases, of course, the trouble of the sleep-walker is as clear as in the case of Lady Macbeth, who was driven to sleep-walking by her uneasy conscience.

Another remarkable case of sleep-walking, or perhaps sleep-working would be a more correct description, concerned a Russian count. He had been offered the chance of financing an oil company, but after considering the matter, decided against investing.

Three days later he was astonished to receive a letter from his brokers, thanking him for his instructions and stating that they had bought

heavily as instructed!

Knowing that he sometimes got up from his bed and worked at his desk in his sleep, the count simply had to shrug his shoulders and be prepared to carry the loss. But, as it turned out, his "secret self" knew better than he did when awake. The investment turned out so well that he made over £500,000 in two years!

Sleep-walking is rarely so profitable. Students are apt to sleep-walk when overworking for examinations. A few years ago people on Blackpool promenade were astonished to see a man in pyjamas running down it with the peculiar stare of the sleep-walker.

He was caught after half a mile by a policeman, and proved to be a student recovering from strain due to overwork. Sleep-walkers do strange

things. A boy in Boston walked in his sleep and rang the fire alarm, giving directions to the fire-engine to go to his own house—without waking up!

Servants have been known to "do out" a room in their sleep. A farm hand saddled a horse, rode it to the vet., and asked him to give it attention—all in his sleep.

The strangest case of sleep-walking was reported a few years ago from New South Wales. A whole family was found, every member of which walked in their sleep. Sometimes three of them would get up together and do all the housework, then return to bed!

There was another famous family of sleep-walkers who always assembled round the kitchen table. The rule was that the first to wake always woke the others!

The Things People Do

PRIVATE LEO WILLEMSON, of Ohio, thought he'd have a bit of fun with his wife. He had his photograph taken with one of those peppy South Sea Island girls who wear only a grass skirt and a few flowers, and sent it home with a humorous note asking for a divorce.

But you know what women are—his wife took it seriously and has filed a divorce suit.

When he got news of this, Private Willemson wrote hastily back, making it plain that the girl was only a studio "prop" and figured in most of the pictures the boys sent home.

But Mrs. Willemson still isn't in a joking mood. The divorce proceeds.

FOR the last sixty-three years Mr. Albert Bailey, of Cardiff Grove, Luton, has been going to school every day—and the same school, at that!

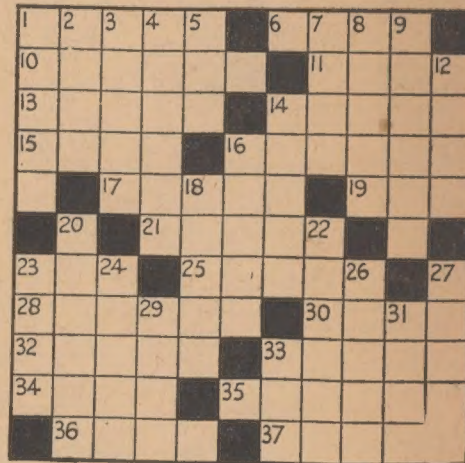
At five years of age his name went on the register of Christ Church School, as a new boy.

He became a pupil teacher, and then a full-blown master, and during his teaching years he reckons to have taught 2,500 local children, some of whom are big-wigs in the town. And since that day when he toddled into the lowest place in the infants' class, he has never once been late.

D.N.K.B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

W PAPOOSE W  
A B O V E B A D G E  
T U T O R T H E L  
C R E W B R A N D S  
H E N L O U R E H  
A T T E N D A N T  
D U A G U E E R A  
E X T R A S P R A M  
U A P T P I E C E  
C A N O E U N I T E  
E K N E A D E D R



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Rubb'ish, 6 Custody, 10 Mood, 11 Song, 13 Language, 14 White-flowered plant, 15 Aerie, 16 Big fib, 17 Brandished, 19 Transgress, 21 Fix firmly, 23 Small flap, 25 Girl's name, 28 Requite, 30 Ottoman, 32 Girl's name, 33 British Statesman, 34 Glass-like mineral, 35 Ethics, 36 Capture, 37 Donk y.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Article, 2 Primitive, 3 Wrong, 4 Calm, 5 Murmur, 7 Sussex river, 8 Creases, 9 Duplicitly, 12 Mountain lake, 14 Rustic, 16 Fishing boat, 18 Last of series, 20 Legal process, 22 Want, 23 Diplomacy, 24 Girl's name, 26 Wanderer, 27 Heart's-ease, 29 Notch, 31 Double over, 33 Member of family.



# Good Morning

WE NEVER  
WENT TO  
THAT SCHOOL!

Uneducated as we are, we don't know whether this goddess belongs to the ancient Greek school or the early Egyptian. All we do know is that, if our teacher had looked anything like this picture of Loretta Young, we should have got ourselves kept in every afternoon!



"Now, see here, Cocky, another crack out of you about Puss in Boots, and I'll make you look like a pantomime parrot yourself."



"No offence meant, I'm sure. I can see now that you're not that famous feline. I can see you're one of the disreputable daughters of that Ship's Cat."



## SPRING COMES TO LONDON

No, there's no mistake! This quiet tow-path scene is not somewhere in the sylvan shires. It's at Watford—on the London tube. And the softly gliding stream is actually the Grand Union Canal.

## PRINCIPAL BOY ON THE ROCKS

Here's why the sylph-like leading ladies of to-day cut such a poor figure in panto. Lack of upholstery, that's the reason. No pneumatic seats. No spotlight on the sit-spot. But this two-ton charmer is the real thing. Sheer cushioned bliss!



## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

